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from the roof, embossed with lustres, and hanging in festoons of solid drapery, contributes to the grandeur of the scene: our silence still more, when imagination from fullness of sensation cannot express its emotions. Our poor fellows brought us, I suppose, an hundred weight of beautiful specimens torn from the crystal rock; some of these are very fine and transparent; but, I felt a religious horror as if committing sacrilege in carrying them away; this they laugh at. It may be told for the encouragement of the subterranean traveller in quest of nature's secrets, that we felt no inconvenience in breathing, nor did our candles cease to afford a brilliant light. I conceive that oxygen as well as crystal may be generated in this laboratory of nature. We were here two hours. The first glimpse of light from the little opening resembled a bright flame, or the sun itself. Wo to that subterranean wanderer, who goes far into the cave, and his single candle is by accident extinguished: for this cave has, I suppose, as many mazy windings as the labyrinth of Crete, where Minos shut up his daughter,

—“*ubi per mille vias secutam  
Fallere in deprendus & irremeabilis Error.*”

Reaching at last the ladder, we ascended to the blessed day, our attendants paying me remarkable respect, for when I had given them all the silver I had, which was a few shillings, “Arrah, honey, we would not take nothing from you, if we knew you were uncle to Mr. Grubb,”  
*Clogheen, Oct. 1814.*                   A.S.

*To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.*

**I**N the course of reading Miss Edgeworth's excellent novel “*Patronage*,” I was sensibly struck with

one particular circumstance, which has probably occurred to others as well as myself. The part of the story I allude to, is weakly conceived, and though not of much moment, deserves perhaps to be pointed out; particularly as I believe it has not been noticed by the reviewers.

It seems that the persons who prepared the forged deed which conveyed away the title to the Percy estate, not only thought it expedient to provide a false witness in the person of a very old man who was to attest the signature of the deed, but also to place a six-pence underneath the seal, as if for the purpose of rendering the evidence of that witness more strong and conclusive. But who sees not, that such a thing could not possibly have this effect? Was it not perfectly easy for those who forged the deed to place the six-pence in the seal? Nay, would not the occurrence of a thing so unusual rather tend to impress a jury with an unfavourable opinion of the deed in question? Indeed, had the six-pence been one which had been coined prior to the time of the perfecting of the deed, this might have given weight to the old man's testimony. But to this circumstance the forgers it seems paid no attention.

I believe it is not usual for important deeds to be drawn on any thing but parchment. But had the deed in this instance been drawn on paper, the water mark would have betrayed the fraud in a much more natural manner. Miss Edgeworth has certainly been unhappy in so much of her story as relates to this incident.

**AN OBSERVER.**

P.S. A friend has informed me, that the affair of the six-pence is borrowed from a story founded on fact. A person is supposed to have

made a lease or perfected a deed respecting a considerable property. The length of time since the perfecting of the instrument has been so great, that the person whose name is subscribed to it, has almost entirely lost all recollection of the circumstance. With the utmost cunning therefore, he represents himself to the court and jury, as an extremely conscientious person, and gives such evidence as the following:—"It is really so long since this deed appears to have been signed, that I am almost in doubt respecting it. That appears to be my handwriting, but time so materially affects the hand, that I am almost inclined to hesitate respecting the signature. I think that is my writing; but there is one circumstance which will determine the point. I am always in the habit of putting a sixpence under the seal, so that if there be no sixpence under this seal, the deed never came from me; but if there be, I can then have no hesitation in swearing positively to the signature." The circumstance introduced in this artful manner could not fail to produce a strong impression on a jury. But Miss Edgeworth's story is of a very different kind.

*To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.*

MR. POPE'S translation of the Iliad is universally and deservedly admired. Yet there are various passages which are fairly liable to exception and censure. In many instances he introduces ideas which are not to be found in the original; and in so far is not a faithful translator.

To one very beautiful passage I wish to turn the reader's attention; as it is evident, that a deviation from what Homer has said has led the

translator into false imagery. The passage I mean is at the end of the 8th book of the Iliad.

"As when the moon, resplendent lamp of night,  
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,  
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,  
And not a cloud o'er casts the solemn scene;  
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,  
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,  
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,  
And tip with silver every mountain's head;  
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,  
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies."

Homer however simply says, "As when in the heaven, the stars appear exceedingly beautiful around the splendid moon, when the air is free from wind, and all the watch-towers, mountain tops and forests appear. The immense firmament bursts upon the view; and all the stars are seen."

How much of *his own* has Pope given us in his translation or paraphrase of the passage! And notwithstanding the flowing majesty of his numbers, the judicious critic will perceive several considerable faults. When the moon shines with her greatest brightness, the stars and planets *lose* their vivid lustre, and appear with a very faint effulgence; therefore the word *vivid* in the translation is quite inappropriate. Besides, fewer stars are seen during the bright moonlight, than at other times: consequently the words, "stars unnumber'd," &c. are improperly introduced.\* The words "yellow verdure," are incorrectly applied, inasmuch as the brightest light of the moon is never sufficient to give to woods any thing approaching to a yellow tinge. It does little more than shew the deep gloom in

\* Even Homer errs when he says, "and all the stars are seen."